

The

Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.



School Record

April, 1936.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 53

APRIL, 1936

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

D. HUNT, F. JOHNSON, PARSONS BIDDLE

Editorial.

Another term is almost at an end, and we look back over the weeks that have passed so quickly. In school there has been no one event of outstanding importance, but the routine has gone steadily on. Despite the wintry conditions which have characterised the early part of this year, there have been no serious epidemics, and the attendance has been very much above the average for a Spring term. Colds, of course, there have been, but these have not occasioned lengthy periods of absence, with the result that there has been no considerable interruption of school work or play. Now, with the arrival of Spring, our interest in football and hockey begins to decline, and we shall soon be busy looking out our cricket bats and tennis racquets, which will be in great demand when we return to school.

The summer term is always a full and important one for everybody. For those in the upper part of the school, July brings the Oxford examinations, towards success in which every effort has to be directed; while for those lower down there are the term examinations leading to the end-of-year promotions. Early in May the annual Speech Day function is to be held, an occasion on which the School's achievements in the past year are reviewed and the performances of successful candidates in the examinations publicly recognised. Later in the month comes Sports Day, for the appropriate celebration of which, both out of doors and indoors, hosts of preparations are necessary. Very soon boys will be practising hard for the field events, and girls will be occupying every available minute with the needle, while boys and girls alike will, we presume, be poring over cookery books for their last minute efforts in the Arts and Crafts competitions. It has been the custom, too, for the Scout troop to organise an annual excursion at half term, and during the latter half of the term the girls hold their tennis tournament. For the

accomplishment of so many of our summer activities fine weather is a great boon ; but, after the cold of the last few months, may we not be optimists and anticipate a warm, dry summer ?

While bidding farewell as pupils to those who are leaving, the School hopes that they will not entirely sever their connection with their alma mater. We would call attention to the Old Scholars' Guild, whose object is to keep former pupils in touch with one another and with their School. Two reunions are held every year, one in the summer, the other in the winter. The dates of these meetings are published term by term in the "Record," and Old Scholars need not wait for formal invitations to attend. A hearty welcome will be extended to any Old Scholar who attends. We would urge scholars to join the guild as soon as they leave school, so that there may be no break at all in their connection with the school. Mr. Caton, the President, will be very pleased to give all particulars to anyone who makes inquiry.

School Register.

Valete

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| *Richards, D. E. G. (vi.), 1929-35. | Keniston, G. H. (Low. v.), 1924-35 |
| Ripington, W. G. (vi.), 1930-35. | Rogers, E. J. (Low. v.), 1932-35. |
| Clark, N. F. (Upp. v.), 1931-35. | Whitehouse, D. N. (Low. v.), 1935. |
| Hughes, W. T. (Upp. v.), 1930-35. | Blackmore, W. (Upp. iv.), 1934-35. |
| Hunt, R. C. (Upp. v.), 1931-35. | Smith, M. (Upp. iv.), 1932-35. |
| Chatterley, A. J. (Low. v.), 1930-35 | Reynolds, J. E. (iii.), 1935. |

*Prefect.

Salvete

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|
| Bailey, P. M. (iii.) | Mahoney, W. J. (Upp. iv.) |
| Barker, J. H. (iii.) | Richardson, J. E. (iii.) |
| Burns, N. B. (Rem.) | Rowland, M. (i.) |
| Hill, B. M. (i.) | Wright, A. A. (Upp. iv.) |

Old Scholars Guild News.

PRESIDENT—Mr. Caton.

SECRETARY—S. Styler. TREASURER—C. H. Baylis.

The Winter Reunion was held at school on Saturday, December 21st. The number present was smaller than usual, but many were doubtless deterred from attending by the bad weather conditions. Dancing provided the main entertainment, but table tennis and cards were available for those wishing to play.

At the business meeting during the supper interval, the balance sheet for the year 1934-35 was adopted, a hearty vote of thanks being accorded to N. Staff, our honorary auditor. The following recommendations put forward by the committee were adopted:—(1) That nominations for new committee members must be sent to the Secretary, together with the names of proposer and seconder before May 31st. Names received shall be circulated with Reunion notices. Other names handed in before the supper interval of the Reunion shall be added to this list. The election shall proceed by ballot. (2) Games captains for the year shall be members of the committee.

There was a general feeling that the Guild should have an official Old Scholars' tie. It was left to the Secretary to obtain designs, etc., ready for the next Reunion.

M. Clark was elected to the committee until July, in place of B. Oliver, who found it impossible to carry on with the duties.

In a hockey match with the school on Friday, March 13th, an Old Scholars' team was defeated by two goals to three.

A very successful dance was held in the Town Hall, on Friday, December 27th, when a large number of Old Scholars and their friends were present. The Guild funds have benefitted to the amount of £2 13s.

Congratulations to I. Staff (scholar 1919-26) on her appointment as Headmistress of Dunnington School.

Also to R. H. Mander (scholar 1915-21), who has been appointed Headmaster of Kelsick Grammar School, Amble-side.

Births.

On January 4th to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Buggins—a daughter.

On January 12th to Mr. and Mrs. C. Hemming (née M. Zambra)—a son.

Marriages.

On January 9th, at Alcester, Frederick E. Rook (scholar 1923-26) to Kathleen Mary Baylis (scholar 1919-24).

On February 17th, at Salford Priors, Thomas George Cumberland to Hilda Mary Lane (scholar 1918-27).

Progress.

From time immemorial as soon as the summers came round, as soon as the grass began to grow, the old Cutto came ramping out of its retirement. Cutto was once a noble beast full of fire and pep, but with the ages she has quite given herself up to misfire and sneeze. After all, when one has been masticating old combs, fountain pens, and pieces of twine for a quarter of a century a respite ought to be given to the old molars. Without the aid of Gibbs, the gallant old mare has drawn her weight with very frequent stops merely on "dirty grease."

Her old inside has been sadly shaken at times, she has even undergone major operations. Once she became so noisy in jerks that the vet. thought she required patching up; so he tightened her up with brown-paper gaskets. This undoctorly treatment did not remedy the old trouble, it only gave her a fresh set of convulsions. Petrol, spratts and cockle-shells, even whisky have been administered, but the poor aged Victorian has at last given up the ghost—to whom? Goodness knows. If you want an epitaph, write one.

Her successor is definitely Edwardian, anti-Victorian. She is large and more expensive, also highly decorated. She has a seat on rollers attached to the back on which the lucky driver sleeps. This brings up the old point—should the porter wear the old school-tie or not? Or, in other words, should we pay to be kept awake while he is paid to fall asleep?—a question not to be asked. Should he be paid to drive while we pay to be driven?—a question to be asked.

We are also in acknowledgement of the receipt of another piece of apparatus, this time to the chemistry lab. While the unfortunate budding scientists endeavour to collect distilled water by some weird contrivance an ultra-modern giant in the corner will simply pour it out for the beating. O temptation! The good effect of this clear-minded pundit, however, will be that it will oust any extraneous experiments; we shall hear now no more of water in the gas-pipes,

boiling water coming from the cold water tap, or of nails being driven home by round-bottomed flasks. Out baneful actions. It even seems probable that Art in future will not suffer from ammonium chloride. O fresh air !

To conclude, let me inform scholars that any suggestion for improvement will not be gratefully accepted. This is just to warn you like the parrot to the lady on the cakes.

L.P.

Notes and News.

The prefects this term are M. Rowles, K. Collins, M. Jones, D. Hunt, F. Sore, F. Johnson ; Bayne, Hewlett i, Parsons, Hands, Luker, Baylisi, Holman.

Baylisi has been elected captain of the Brownies.

A collection taken at the end of last term for the Midland Institute for the Blind amounted to £1 12s. 6d.

On Saturday, February 8th, a party of about one hundred, with Mr. Caton, Miss Deans, Miss Jones, Mr. Walker and Mr. Druller travelled to Stratford-on-Avon to attend a lecture given by Grey Owl in the Picture House.

Half term was the week end February 21-24.

On Thursday, February 13th, a song and pianoforte recital was given by Miss Eveline Stevenson and Mr. Michael Mullinar.

A lantern lecture to Forms vi, Upper v, and Lower v, was given on Tuesday, March 10th by Miss Rattey, the subject being " Archaeology and the Bible."

The school was closed on Tuesday, January 28th, on the occasion of the funeral of His Majesty King George V.

On Wednesday, January 22nd, was the public proclamation of King Edward VIII. The school assembled in the hall, and listened to the proclamation in London. Following this broadcast, and as a tribute to the memory of the late King, B. Hawkins read a poem by John Drinkwater, and Lewis a sonnet by John Masefield. At midday, the school proceeded to the Town Hall, to hear the proclamation read from a window by Mr. Caton, as High Bailiff of Alcester.

Two Union Jacks were presented to the school by the girls of the Upper and Middle School on Friday, January 24th.

Speech Day has been fixed for Thursday, May 7th. The Headmaster of Rugby, Mr. Hugh Lyon, will present the certificates and give an address.

The School has much pleasure in acknowledging the following gifts of books this term:—*To the Fiction Library*, "Travels with a Donkey," "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "Dream Days," "Martin Rattler," "The Queen's Quair," "Earl Kitchener of Khartoum," "The Three Musketeers" (presented by W. E. Sherwood); "A Century of Work for Animals." "Grey Owl and the Beaver," "Friends of Mankind" (presented by Miss Jones); A hundred books (presented by Mr. Bailey, of Stratford). *To the Reference Library*, "The England of Queen Anne" (presented by Miss Jones.)

Hewlett i has been granted exemption from Matriculation on the results of the Oxford School Certificate last July.

A lecture on "The History of Architecture," was given by Mr. E. Holman, A.R.I.B.A., on Friday, March 13th.

Term ends on Tuesday, April 7th.

Seen in the City.

On a dismal morning in winter, at about half past seven, there were very few people about, and a stranger would have thought that Lower Muddleton was one of the sleepiest spots on earth, as indeed it is, except on certain occasions. It is about one of these special occasions that you are going to hear.

Towards a quarter to eight a few people began to drift by in twos and threes, going to work, or, in the case of some of the handful of more enterprising inhabitants, catching the early train—yes, they do have one or two trains at Lower Muddleton—to one of the towns near by to do their shopping. Then suddenly a bell was heard—not the bell of the one and only factory, it was too early—but a bell which caused the slumbering town to wake suddenly and rush to its windows. At last the new fire-engine would be used !

It was soon learnt that the fire was about a mile away, in the heart of the country, quite a long distance from any sign of habitation. Many people arrived long before the engine, and proceeded to stand about and wait, doing nothing to help, as is their custom. At last, about a quarter of an hour after the first warning of the fire, a scarlet vehicle arrived at about fifteen miles an hour, on which were perched two men in navy blue uniforms and shining helmets. It may be supposed that the delay was caused by one of them staying to polish his helmet before answering the call of the bell, for the local fire brigade is very proud of its helmets. The other, the only blacksmith in the district, is well-known for his speed in leaving his work and dashing down the street to the fire station with nails protruding from between his teeth, his hammer in one hand and part of his breakfast in the other. Whether he thought these things would be of any use in fighting the fire it is difficult to decide.

When at last the engine arrived at the fire, a haystack in the corner of a meadow, half the population at least had grouped themselves in a row along the lane, obstructing whatever traffic there might be, and impeding the efforts of the stack's harassed owner to obtain water from a nearby stream.

Anyone passing a few minutes after the arrival of the brigade would have seen a boy with a solitary hosepipe spraying the smouldering ruins with a thin jet of rather muddy water. The engine and its occupants were nowhere to be seen ! It was hopeless to try to save the hayrick, anyway. So, when the fun was over and a heap of ashes only remained, Lower Muddleton returned home, and probably to bed, until another fire, or something else exciting, such as a wedding or a funeral, should rouse them again.

OLD MUDDLETONIAN.

Just a Girl.

Usually boys think sisters a thorough nuisance ! But May was as hardy as a boy any day, though of, course, she had the feminine fancy of "dressing up." Bill thought May was a "topping sport." Often they had exchanged clothes, they were so much alike. Peter, May's elder brother, looked down upon May, he didn't believe in girls of twelve.

Bill, an excellent swimmer, was going to compete in a swimming contest ; the family were proud of him, because

he was only fourteen, and the youngest competitor. May too, was a good swimmer, but she said she did not want to be drowned just yet ! The day for the swimming contest came ; Bill had climbed trees all morning, and sprained his ankle ! May knew what she ought to do, but she did the exact opposite. Grabbing Bill's bathing suit, she hurried out of the house.

If anyone had particularly noticed a rather nervous boy, flitting round the rim of the sea-water bath, he would have been surprised. For May (for it was May), was measuring the distance for a dive. The first competitor dived, a graceful easy dive. May climbed the diving-board, she jumped and —ugh ; horrors ! She felt the waters close over her head. She came up to safety, and struck out for the rim of the bath. People were shouting, " Well done ! " May's turn came round again, this time she had to dive and somersault in the air. May dived, somersaulted once—twice, she heard the roars of the crowd, then everything went black. May dreamed that she was being entertained by King Neptune.

Then she awoke with a start. Where was she ? Where was Father Neptune ? Then she remembered. She struggled to sit up. Goodness ! What if they found she was a girl ! Her hand went to her head ; had they taken off her cap ? Someone gently lifted her cap off ; then she heard Peter's startled voice. " Why, it's a girl ! " Then May burst into tears, " Oh, dear, I've let Bill down ! " " Let Bill down ! " Peter said, " Why, Bill could'nt have done better himself, you've won the swimming contest ! " After this he certainly did believe in girls of twelve.

JOYCE MACHIN.

A Very Short Play.

Characters :

A woman, with a baby in a perambulator.

An elderly woman.

A middle class man and his wife.

An elderly workman.

A woman with her daughter, aged 11.

A girl of about 20.

A Porter.

A small black kitten.

Myself.

Scene : A small waiting room, marked Ladies only, containing several chairs, two seats and a small round table in the centre littered with handbills. The woman with the baby is sitting on one side of the fire, the elderly workman on the other, nursing the kitten, while the elderly woman, in a hat trimmed with brilliant orange ribbon, sits on the opposite side of the room. I enter.

ELDERLY WOMAN : . . . and on Saturday the floods were so deep he didn't know whether he was riding his bike or walking. It nearly swept him off his feet, thet it did. It 'as bin bad yer know.

ELDERLY MAN : Yes thet it have.

[Man strokes kitten which seems to be enjoying itself. Silence follows. The door opens. The woman with the little girl and the young woman enter and sit on one seat. Woman fidgets with the girl's coat and hat. The young woman opens her bag and sorts out the contents. The woman rummages in one of her bags and produces a huge jam tart. This she offers to the little girl who refuses it.]

MOTHER (in a whisper) : Aren't you hungry ?

GIRL (also whispering) : No.

[The woman keeps fidgeting with the girl's coat and finally pulls her gloves off. The door opens again and a woman's head is seen round it.]

WOMAN : Yes, come on.

[The woman enters followed by her husband and they sit on the seat by the elderly workman.]

THE BABY : La ! La ! La !

[The mother searches in the bottom of the pram and produces a baby's bottle filled with water. She gives it to the baby who now produces some queer noises.]

MAN (reading from local paper) to wife : It says here that he had three black eyes. I wonder how he managed it.

[His wife laughs, tugs at the paper to see for herself and finally the husband divides the paper and they both read. The workman peers over the man's shoulder and reads also. I look at my watch several times in a rather bored way. The elderly man now pats the kitten on the floor and delving in his frail produces some meat which he gives to the kitten. There are now general grins.]

MOTHER (laughing to girl) : Wouldn't you like some ?

GIRL, (laughing and shaking her head) : No.

ELDERLY MAN (to kitten) : The railway company don't feed you very well, but the more you have the less there'll be for me. All yer wants is a saucer of milk now.

[The whole company titter, but all watch the kitten eating. Suddenly the door is thrown open by a porter.]

PORTER : Be any of you folks going on the train for M—— 'cause you'll have to hurry up if you be.

[I rise with some of the others and make a dash for the train which waits another ten minutes before departing.] C.M.J.

A Midwinter's Night's Dream.

Arriving one morning so terribly late,
'Twas past four o'clock as I came through the gate,
I found that the bell for break had just gone,
And all were in prayers, yes everyone.
A bevy of bulldogs banished by B——
From the sixth form precincts, barked not in vain.
All sounds were drowned by that terrible din,
Even the outcry produced by a pin.
More marvellous still the Lower Fifth boys
Had relapsed into silence, awed by that noise.
I felt overwhelmed, the shock was too great,
I staggered away to the huts, through the gate.
There to my horror, dismay and surprise,
Each room was filled with luscious mince-pies.
No more need be said, you can guess the sad end,
Of those tasty pies left for themselves to fend.
From thence to the field I wended my way,
Where the team were rehearsing a short fairy play !
They really looked dainty, sublime and content
As a Scot's piper wailed out " The School's Lament."
On my return I looked into hall,
What I saw was enough to make anyone fall.
In those solemn surroundings a dance band held sway,
Thus was detention enlivened and gay.
In the cocktail bar at the top of the stairs,
Some sinner had placed all the Art-Room chairs.
I wondered thoughtfully down into line,
But there for admittance was needed a sign.
I dreaded to find that there was still more,
So I gladly awoke and got up from the floor.

PHYLLIS HOUGHTON.

Olla Podrida.

We are informed by E. N. L. that an officer had with him a handful of French dragons. Rather a difficult handful to deal with !

"The head of each horse," translates S. K. W., "was tied to the tail of the one behind." Let us hope that the horses were double jointed.

Shades of rearmament. M. B. states that Olivia tells Malvolio not to make cannon balls out of bird's eggs.

Where did L. G. B. sit down to think of a way in which to extinguish himself? And did he succeed?

"The sun," writes M. B., "sinks slowly in the east." 'Tis a topsy-turvy world !

Are the senior girls yet expert in the art of "being a banana?"

Nowadays R. B. B. uses consecrated sulphuric acid.

Will M. J. R. explain to us exactly how to follow a cow which is coming towards us !

Me and my Troubles.

Why is it that I can never find a book when I need it? Why does my Latin "Caesar" suddenly become invisible when Tuesday morning draws nigh? Why can I not gain marks in a French verb test owing to a missing verb book? Merely because the elusive books seem to hide themselves whenever I need them. The resulting punishments, too, have worked me into a state of frenzy against the whole deskful of text-books.

When I wake in the morning I am reminded of them by the Geometry book I see, with a Theorem waiting to be learnt (not Pythagoras, I hope!) Before setting out for school, the mad rush round the house for preparation books had already made me furious, before I realise that my Arithmetic book is nowhere to be found !

And so, when I arrive at school, extra homework is allotted to me as a send-off for the day, just because of the missing Arithmetic homework. After this my desk has to be turned upside down for my Algebra text-book, and in a wrathful frame of mind I settle down to the lesson. But all hopes die when I find out what the lesson is on ! Quadratic Equations ! And, of course, I cannot for the life of me remember the formula for their solving !

In a more relieved frame of mind I prepare, at the end of the lesson, to put my desk into something like order. This being triumphantly accomplished, I begin to enquire " What is the next lesson ? " French ? Horrors ! What can have happened to my French Prose ? Another feverish search produces no result, and I resign myself to my fate, and, at the end of that lesson, I once again have to tidy out my desk. This time, however, it is impossible to accommodate a large Geography book, and it has to be placed on the top of my desk.

The next lesson, Latin, seems to be going rather better, and my spirits are almost revived when a question is fired at me. Hesitatingly, I rise to my feet, and fumble for words . . . the silence is deep and supreme . . . Crash ! ! ! Horrified, I see that the Geography book, moved nearer and nearer to the edge of the desk by my agitation, has crashed to the ground. I shall not go out to hockey practice this lunch hour !

When I enter the cloakroom at break, I am immediately besieged by a host of indignant people, demanding to know what I have done with their paintbox, or mathematical instruments, or hockey pads. By the time the various articles have been restored to their rightful owners, (why can I not remember to return them immediately ?), the bell has gone, with the result that, having made a wild rush into the classroom, I arrive some minutes late for Science. On seating myself, I find that, in my wild dash upstairs, I have dropped my ruler and stencils. After I have retrieved these, the lesson continues in comparative peace, my only accidents being the ruin of two parchment sheets, the spilling of about a quarter of a pint of Hydrochloric Acid on the bench, the smashing of three test-tubes, and the cracking of a large beaker. I am not sorry when the bell goes at 12.45.

After a dreary twenty minutes of detention, I enjoy the calm of an English reading lesson. However, my happiness is short-lived, for in the following Geography lesson, the name of all the European towns and their situations vanish from

my mind. Is Belgrade in Spain, or is it in Greece? After blundering through the lesson somehow, I look at the timetable with a sinking heart. But for once my gloom is unfounded. Wonder of Wonders! The next period is Games! Very much elated, I rush to the cloakroom, and hastily borrowing pads, I change for hockey.

The next bell brings me to the end of an exasperating day, and all I have to do now is to collect my homework. Gaily I enter the classroom, but alas! on opening my desk, I find that some thoughtful person has carefully turned each textbook upside down, so that it is impossible to tell one from the other! I always *did* hate Thursday, anyway!

A HARASSED MEMBER OF LOWER FIVE.

The Forest Fire.

Josie and her friend Molly were paddling lazily downstream in a canoe. They had been paddling for an hour or so when Molly said, "Look, Josie, at that red glare over there." "Looks to me," said Josie, "like a forest fire." "Let's go and have a look," said Molly; "I think it's Little Wood on fire." The two girls paddled quickly until they got to the forest, and then, picking up the canoe, they started to hurry through the forest to the other side, going by a short cut.

After an hour's walking they were half way through. "I think Old Joe must have fallen asleep, or he would have sent for help," said Josie, looking up at the look-out cabin in one of the trees; "I'm going up to see." With that she climbed up to the cabin. Molly, who was below, soon saw Josie signalling to her to come up. "Look," she said, and pointed to Old Joe, the look-out man, "he has fainted." Molly who could telephone, at once telephoned to the fire patrol. Meanwhile the fire was getting closer and more fierce.

Molly said, "Let's carry Old Joe down to the canoe." So between them they managed to get him into the canoe. "Oh! Molly, we've forgotten that the river runs near the forest," said Josie; "what shall we do?" "Carry Old Joe and the canoe to the river first," replied Molly. When they got to the river, they started to paddle as fast as they could. Once they were nearly burnt because a huge tree fell across

the river just behind them. Josie kept throwing water over Old Joe, Molly and herself, so that their clothing should not catch fire.

At last, after two hours' hard work and nearly being burned to death, they got away from the forest. By the time they had reached the ranch where they lived, Old Joe had regained consciousness. When they got inside the ranch house they found the head of the fire patrol. He had been to the ranch to see what was the matter. When he heard their story he insisted that they should go with him to headquarters right away.

Later, two letters arrived, one for Molly, and one for Josie, each having a life-saving medal. There was also a letter from headquarters, congratulating them and thanking them for saving Old Joe's life, he being too ill to write and thank them himself.

JOYCE BARKER.

The Royal Proclamation.

At 11.45, on the morning of the Royal Proclamation—January 22nd, 1936, the whole school went down into Alcester to hear the Proclamation read by Mr. Caton at Alcester Town Hall.

About two minutes to 12 o'clock the town beadle came out of the Town Hall in a three-cornered beaver hat and a red and gold robe.

He rang his bell, then undoing the rope holding the flag at half-mast, he raised it to full mast.

Then Mr. Caton came to the window and read the Royal Proclamation declaring "That Prince Edward, Albert, Christian, George, Andrew, Patrick, David, had solely and rightfully" been brought to reign over us as King Edward VIII.

After that the school and towns-people sang "God Save the King;" then we went back to School.

I shall—as long as I live—never forget that solemn ceremony on the morning of Wednesday, January 22nd, 1936, when, throughout England and Scotland and Wales, King Edward VIII was Proclaimed.

B. COLLIER.

Scouts.

Wholesale changes have been necessary in the Scout Troop, owing to the fact that several senior scouts left at the end of last term. Three new patrol-leaders have been appointed—Bullock i, Gray and Grubb—while the members have been assigned to different patrols. This term there have been very few additions and we should like to ask all non-scouts to think the matter over.

This term, upon the suggestion of our Scout-Master, patrol leaders have taken charge of their patrols in a determined effort to get the whole troop up to second-class standard before the end of term. The only apparent result at the moment is a constant buzz of conversation in the room.

When the new buildings are built, we hope to take possession of a larger room. This will greatly convenience our new idea of giving each patrol a form of "Den." Owing to the bad weather, the "dens" have seldom been up to full strength. This is the main reason why the average number of points is far below normal.

Points up to date are :—Owls 230 ; Cuckoos 160 ; Wood-pigeons 125 ; Eagles 95 ; Kingfishers 90 ; Peacocks 85.

L. G. B. (P. L. OWLS).

Musical Society.

PRESIDENT—Mr. Caton.

CHAIRMAN—Miss Deans.

SECRETARY—Parsons.

We have only met once this term ; it was on February 13th. Michael Mullinar played piano solos and also accompanied Miss Eveline Stevenson, who gave us a programme of well-selected songs. The atmosphere was definitely not too serious and the audience very appreciative.

It is proposed to have a meeting towards the end of this term at which one of Mr. Bates' former pupils from Warwick School will give us a recital.

L. P.

Debating Society.

PRESIDENT—Miss Evans.

HON. SECRETARY—Bayne.

COMMITTEE :

D. Hunt, Bayne, Parsons, F. Sore, Biddle, Butt.

At the end of last term the subject: "That Plums are usually sour," was discussed, the Leaders consisting of Old Members of the Society. The motion, which was proposed by M. Browning and Sherwood and opposed by Baylis and J. Lane, was defeated by sixty-three votes to seven. The general debate itself was disappointing owing to the comparatively small amount of support given by the school, but it is probable that the subject was too difficult. Another debate was held this term and it is hoped that a further debate will be arranged before the end of the Spring term. On the former occasion the motion for debate was: "This house is of the opinion that the interests of the individual are too much sacrificed to the community," the Proposers being M. Rowles and K. Collins, and the Opposers Bayne and Parsons. The subject was very keenly contested and resulted in a decisive defeat of the motion by twenty-seven votes to seven, seven remaining neutral.

P. J. B.

A.G.S. Old Scholars' Football Club.

The club has maintained the good record with which it started the season, and to date twelve of the nineteen matches played have been won.

Full results to the end of the season of matches played since those recorded in the December RECORD will be published at the end of next term.

There has been no difficulty in fielding a good team, but the great trouble has been in persuading people to come along as reserves. Drawing our players, as we do, from a wide area, it is unavoidable that occasionally players fail to turn up at the last moment without giving notice, and many times we have been sorely pressed to make up a full team. However, we hope that, with the continued progress of the club, Old Scholars will realise their responsibilities to School associations, and come along to matches in larger numbers.

By far the most interesting fixture was that at Oxford against Keble College, and it was very disappointing that only sixteen were able to make the trip. The outing was very enjoyable, and everyone was delighted to see Mr. Wells, who came to watch the match and joined the party afterwards at tea.

A Whist Drive held in the Town Hall on February 20th, while not being the success that was hoped, added £2 15s. to the club funds.

Football.

CAPTAIN—Luker.

HON. SECRETARY—Bayne.

It is disappointing, in view of the successes at the end of last term, that the team should have been weakened to such an extent by the loss of several of its senior members, as to result in the severe reverses which have been experienced. In the matches against Evesham and King's Norton the defence was completely overwhelmed and on these occasions the services of Richards, Keniston and Chatterley were sadly missed. The forward line, as last term, has been handicapped by the small size of its members, but recent success against The National Farmers' Union is more encouraging and this match clearly indicates that strict combination and accurate passing is the only remedy for inferiority in size.

Results to date :

A.G.S. v. Young Farmers' Calf Club (home), won 8—0.

v. King's Norton S.S. (away), lost 0—15.

v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), lost 2—8.

v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost 0—15.

v. N.F.U. 2nd XI (home), won 5—4.

v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), lost 0—8.

Junior XI. v. Alcester C. of E. School (home),
won 7—1.

Sides Matches :

Jackals 5, Brownies 1 ; Jackals 4, Tomtits 4 ; Tomtits 2, Brownies 0.

P. J. B.

Hockey.

CAPTAIN—M. Clemson.

SECRETARY—C. M. Jones.

The team has had a fairly successful season, but several matches had to be scratched owing to bad weather. The match against Evesham Ladies was cancelled in deference to the memory of His Late Majesty King George V. One sides match has been played this term.

The results so far have been as follows :—

A.G.S. v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), drawn 4—4.

v. The Old Scholars (home), won 3—2.

2nd XI. v. Stratford Technical School (home), lost 0—3.

C.M.J.

For the Juniors.

The Three Pets.

Once upon a time, a man had three pets, a cat, a dog and a mouse.

One day, while he was out, there was some milk, in the pantry. Cat tested it, and thought it lovely. She called Dog and said, "Try some of this lovely milk." Dog didn't think much of it and accidentally knocked it over. That did not worry Cat, who went on lapping it up from the floor.

Then Dog caught sight of some meat and ran off with it to the mat. "I like this much better than milk," he said.

Then Mouse, who wondered what they were doing, came along. Dog asked him to have some meat. "No, thank you," said Mouse, who didn't like meat. Cat invited him to have some milk. "No, thank you," said Mouse, for he did not like milk either.

In the pantry, Mouse spied a piece of cheese. "I would rather have cheese than meat or milk," said Mouse, and he settled down to nibble.

Later on, the Man came in from work. He was very hungry, and then very angry, to find the meat and milk both gone. "I shall have to make do with bread, cheese and water," said he.

He cut himself a slice of bread and poured out a cup of water. Imagine his surprise to find the cheese quite eaten away inside and only the rind remaining. He grew more and more angry and threatened to kill the thief—when he found him.

Then Mouse came to him and said—"Please don't be angry! We finished your dinner," and in a very small voice added, "We were so hungry."

The man forgave his pets and they all sat round to watch him and cheer him up as he ate his bread and drank his water.

Next time he went to work, Cat sat on his shoulder, Mouse curled up in his pocket, and Dog trotted along beside him.

FORM I.

Little Shoe Cleaner.

It was a beautiful, sunshiny day in Spring. The birds were twittering in the trees and water was trickling in the stream. Only one person was sad, and she was the Fairy Queen's shoe-cleaner. She had not been invited to the great Spring Festival.

"Oh, dear!" she said, "I wish I had cleaned the shoes properly." And she sat weeping, under an old oak tree.

Suddenly she heard the sound of sweet music coming through the trees. Then she saw a most splendid sight. The Fairy Queen approached, in her state coach, drawn by six white

horses. On each side were lots of little fairies and goblins and elves, too, and sprites, with drums, trumpets and mouth-organs. This sight made the little fairy sadder still, as she watched the procession skip gaily away.

"I know," she said, more happily, "I will go and clean all the fairies' morning shoes." This she did, till her arm ached.

When supper-time came the Queen Fairy decided to forgive little Shoe-cleaner. But when she saw the rows of shining shoes, her eyes nearly fell out of her head. "Well, my dear, for doing all this, you shall have a most beautiful dress, and sit beside me, at supper."

Little Shoe-cleaner was given a snow-drop frock and a silver head dress. How happy she felt as she sat down to supper. There was dew-drop wine and a cake covered with sparkling icing. It was all very exciting and after supper there were games, such as Blind Man's Buff. Lastly, they had lemonade and went home to bed.

And ever after Little Shoe-cleaner always did her work properly.

V. STEVENS.

Aged nine years.

ALCESTER:
THE CHRONICLE OFFICE,
HIGH STREET.
